

MOURNING

I'm young, I know,
so it's really pretty unlikely,
but say something freakish happened
and my number came up tomorrow,
say I got hit by a train, for instance,
or some fiend poisoned my pain relievers

would you weep, and wail, and mourn
and think that your life, too, was over?

or would you simply slip on your
most becoming black dress,
do your hair in an attractive, but
appropriately somber fashion
and ask yourself,

"I wonder if any of his cute friends
will be attending the funeral?"

REAL THING

At last count I had fallen in love 14,723 times
Above the national average, I'm told, for a twenty five
year old male

In my defense, however, I think it should be noted
That of those 14,723

296 were merely cases of callow infatuation

Another 449 could be dismissed as simply physical
attraction

Leaving us with not 14,723, but rather 13,978 cases of
Once in a lifetime, this is the real thing, true love

A not altogether unreasonable number, I think you
must agree

SEX

I never could understand how some people
can become so obsessed with sex.

Don't get me wrong now,

I don't have some aversion to it

or something like that.

No siree, I like sex just fine.

Really.

I just don't think it's a life or death matter.

That's all.

Fact is,

if I had to rate sex on a scale of pleasures,

I think I'd rank it right up there with swimming.

I made the mistake of telling my pal, Farley, that once.

Big mistake.

He thought that was just about the funniest thing he'd ever heard.

Naturally he went and let the whole damn world in on our little secret.

You would not believe all the flack I catch now anytime I go near a pool.

WHY I DON'T LIKE ROCK STARS

There are lots of reasons not to like rock stars.

Mine is that they are pompous, fatuous, arrogant, self-aggrandizing little fools, who in far too many cases play a very average sort of music in a very average sort of way and think that they are very, very wonderful for doing it.

Good reason, huh?

It's mine though.

You'll have to find your own.

TO A YOUNG SELECTRIC DYING

I have never been one to whom material things meant a great deal. I've never wanted a big screen TV or a jet ski, at any rate, so I guess that qualifies me as an ascetic, circa 1983.

Nonetheless, I am presently without the services of my practically new IBM Selectric, and to put it in the popular vernacular,

"I'm bummed."

It's not that I couldn't live without its incessant humming that interrupts my thought process and reduces my sagacity to doggeral.

And I could certainly live without its \$74.00 an hour service fee (plus parts)

I don't even miss its lights and dials and gadgets and what not that suggest big-buck importance.

All that is nice, but without it I could survive.

No, it's the correction key -- that's what I miss.

The delicious ability to wipe out all my errors.

Lord, how I miss that!

Fucking up is no big thing when you have a correction key.

It's a great little gadget --

and a concept I would like to see expanded to encompass every single aspect of my life.

-- Eric Grow

Brea CA